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Walt Disney's Comics

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I've always found myself agreeing with Don Rosa's suggestion that the Ducks be kept in the 1940s/1950s. It just seems that those stories feel more natural, as that is the general era when Barks' tales were done. Most stories set in the current day seem to be done so forcibly — written for the express purpose to include modern technology. I'm happy to say William Van Horn's "T.V. Stakes" (**WDC&S** 609) doesn't have any of those problems. The situation set-up strikes a particular chord in the 1990s and could be easily set in the 1950s with a few revisions, but I like it just the way it is. The focus of the story sticks with Donald Duck and not with the newfangled technology.

"The Once and Future Duck," in the same issue, ended quite nicely, too. Although I miss Scrooge in this Rosa tale, it stood up well and had a nice twist to the end. I want to put in a word for more reprints of Carl Barks' earliest Duck stories, such as "The Mighty Trapper." Very interesting and entertaining.

I'm always hesitant to declare something my favorite after having just read it. Usually, it's always the one which is freshest in your mind that stands out the most. However, Don Rosa's "A Matter of Some Gravity" (**WDC&S** 610) is truly his funniest turn yet. He got to play around with a lot of stuff here, including lots of interesting backgrounds, some interesting panel layouts and designs, and some mind-bending physics. Not only that, but he also managed to cram in a lot of funny things, at a rate of about one per page. I had to put this issue down a couple of times because I was laughing so hard. I hereby banish "Incident at McDuck Tower" (Disney's **Uncle Scrooge** #268) to second on my list.

Augie De Blieck Jr.
North Haledon, NJ

Thanks for the nice words, Augie. It's always a pleasure to hear from you. There are many aspects of contemporary living that present themselves to an ineresting treatment in the world of Duckburg, and no one handles himself better in this arena than William Van Horn. Rosa, of course, prefers to write his stories as though they take place in the fifties. We believe both approaches are valid and prefer to think of the Ducks as living in no particularly "set" frame of time with reference to "our" world. They're on Duckburg time!

Dear Editors (Chief, Associate, and Assistant):

Wonderful interview of Scrooge McDuck by Michael Naiman in **WDC&S** 612! The most fantastic part of the interview, for me, was Scrooge using his Magic Hourglass to time the meeting. Naiman mentioned this so caually that he must have been unaware he is the **only** person to have seen Scrooge's hourglass since he brought it back from Morocco in the last panel of "The Magic Hourglass" (**Donald Duck** FC #291). Of course, I always knew Scrooge still has his hourglass, since he never throws anything out. But is he still using it in his kitchen to boil eggs for breakfast? I thought probably not; most likely he has hidden it away lest some trouble-maker like Magica de Spell get ahold of it. So I was amazed when Naiman reported Scrooge actually has it on his desk!

"The Magic Hourglass" is a fine story, and I learned some important economics from it when I first read it at age 11. I was delighted when Gladstone first reprinted this story and several others like "Lost in the Andes" and "Voodoo Hoodoo," which I had not managed to save from my childhood collection. But in its second reprinting — in **The Carl Barks Library of Donald Duck Adventures in Color** 16 — I was disappointed that there was no commentary on the story by Associate Editor Geoffrey Blum, as most of the other album stories have. I was again disappointed that Don Rosa's 12-part "Life and

CONTINUED ON INSIDE BACK COVER

Walt Disney's Comics and Stories

GLADSTONE

Prescott, Arizona

WALT DISNEY'S COMICS AND STORIES

IN THIS ISSUE: **Cover:** Detail from **Time Wasters** by Carl Barks.

Donald Duck
TREE'S A CROWD
Story, Art and Lettering: William Van Horn
*(**DD** 271, June 1989)*
Color: Barry Englin

Mickey Mouse
THE CAVERN IN THE SHIFTING SANDS
Story: David Gerstein
Art: Noel Van Horn
Color: Scott Rockwell

Li'l Bad Wolf
UP FOR GRABS
Art: Paul Murry
*(**MM** 81, December 1961)*
Color: Colleen Winkler

Uncle Scrooge & Gyro Gearloose
CAVE OF THE WINDS
Story and Art: Carl Barks
*(**GG** Four Color 1095, April 1960)*
Color: Susan Daigle-Leach

Mickey Mouse
TOP PERFORMANCE
Art: Jack Bradbury
*(**MM** 43, August 1955)*
Color: Scott Rockwell

The Year That Was 1975:
A TALE OF TWO BINS
Text: Bruce Hamilton
Design: John Clark

The Year That Was 1936:
HORVATH'S EVIL FOREST
Text: Bruce Hamilton
Design: John Clark

The Year That Was 1939
HOW DISNEY RECREATED THE SILLIES
Text: Bruce Hamilton
Design: Jim Flanagan

Storybook Feature
THE UGLY DUCKLING
Text: Margaret Wise Brown
Illustrations: The Walt Disney Studio
***(Little Pig's Picnic and Other Stories**, D.C. Heath and Co., 1939)*

Donald Duck
RECALLED WRECK
Story and Art: Don Rosa
Lettering: John Clark
*(**WDC&S** 524, November 1987)*
Color: Mike McCormick

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ABOUT THE TITLE PAGE

Depicted is a series of eleven silver coins (shown actual size) that were issued on June 1, 1987 by Rarities Mint to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the release of Walt Disney's **Snow White**. The edition was produced in a run of 20,000 and was sold nationally through coin shops, coin shows, comic book conventions, and other collector-oriented venues. A limited run of smaller Snow White coins in gold was also issued by Rarities Mint. Other **Snow White**-related events in 1987 included an anniversary re-release of the movie by Disney and a special **Snow White** magazine produced by Gladstone, featuring the original newspaper strip adaptation of the movie along with articles and reproductions of production art.

WALT DISNEY'S DONALD DUCK in 'TREES A CROWD'

AR 140

HOW COZY AND GENTEEL I FEEL WHEN I START THE DAY WITH TEA AND CRUMPETS IN THE GARDEN! IT HELPS A MAN PUT HIS BEST FOOT—

CRASH

WHAT THE DICKENS! THOSE BUG MUNCHING RACCOONS HAVE TORN THE LAWN FULL OF HOLES AGAIN!

HEY! LEAVE MY CRUMPETS ALONE, YOU FEATHERED COYOTES!

CAW

CAW CAW

HELP!

PLONK BONG

HOLES, CROWS, AND **BOMBS**!

NOT BOMBS, UNCA DONALD!

JUST PINE CONES FROM THE OLD PINE TREE!

YEAH! THE SAME PLACE THAT THE RACCOONS AND THE CROWS COME FROM! WELL, THAT OLD TREE HAS RUINED MY LAST GENTEEL MORNING!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO CUT IT DOWN, ARE YOU?

YOU BET YOUR SOCKS I AM! I SHOULD HAVE DONE IT YEARS AGO!

BUT WHERE WILL THE BIRDS AND RACCOONS LIVE?

LET 'EM FIND SOMEPLACE ELSE?

BESIDES - IF THAT RICKETY OLD TREE EVER FELL ON THE HOUSE - WHERE WOULD **WE** LIVE?

THUS!

BOY! I NEVER KNEW THESE THINGS WERE SO HEAVY!

BUCK 'N' BRONC ○ HEAVY ○ DUTY ○ CHAIN SAW

BE CAREFUL, UNCA DONALD!

DON'T WORRY, BOYS! I'M AN OLD HAND AT THIS SORT OF THING!

VRUP PUT PUT PUT PUT

BRAZZZZ

HEY! WHOA!

KARUMF

IT'S A GOOD THING YOU'RE AN OLD HAND!

YEAH! IMAGINE WHAT COULD HAVE HAPPENED IF YOU WERE A **BEGINNER**!

VERY FUNNY! BUT EVEN PAUL BUNYAN MADE A MISTAKE EVERY NOW AND THEN!

NOT IN **OUR** BACK YARD HE DIDN'T!

DONALD RECOVERS HIS APLOMB AND EVENTS RESUME!

AS ANY GOOD TREE FELLER KNOWS, THE FIRST THING YOU DO IS SECURE YOUR ROPE SAFETY LINE HIGH UP ON THE TREE TRUNK!

BUT, UNCA DONALD!

DON'T WORRY, BOYS! THIS PART OF THE JOB IS A **SNAP**!

BUT—

BUT **WHAT**?

DON'T YOU THINK IT WOULD BE EVEN SNAPPIER IF YOU TOOK ALONG THE **ROPE**?

DOGGONE SIDELINE SUPERINTENDENTS ARE A DIME A DOZEN!

STILL— IT SHOULD BE SMOOTH SAILING FROM HERE ON AS LONG AS THE BRANCHES...

...HOLD OUT!

MAYBE YOU BETTER GIVE IT UP, UNCA DONALD, AND COME BACK DOWN!

PHOOEY! A GOOD TREE MAN IS ALWAYS READY TO IMPROVISE!

I JUST TOSS THE END OF THE ROPE UP OVER THE NEXT BRANCH LIKE SO—

AND PULL MYSELF UP! PRETTY SLICK!

UH OH! MAYBE A LITTLE **TOO** SLICK!

SLIP

I WONDER IF OLD PAUL EVER HAD DAYS LIKE THIS?

FLUMP FLUTTER TANGLE BUMP SPRONG

I BET YOU'RE THE ENVY OF EVERY SPIDER IN TOWN, UNCA DONALD!

T'IS BUT A WEE BIT LATER!

HOW ARE YOU GOING TO GET PAST THE OPEN SPACE THIS TIME?

CLIMBING SPIKES! WITH THESE BABIES I'LL GO UP THAT TREE LIKE A MONKEY WITH A BEE ON HIS TAIL!

THIS TIME THE ASCENT IS SUCCESSFUL!

PIECE OF CAKE!

UP TO A POINT, THAT IS!

OKAY BOYS! TIME TO BREAK IT UP! HOTEL'S CLOSED! **VAMOOSE**!

G'WAN! WHY DON'T YOU GO SOUTH OR SOMETHING? I HEAR THAT PARAGUAY IS WONDERFUL THIS TIME OF YEAR!

OH, SO I'M GOING TO HAVE TO **THROW** YOU BUMS OUT, IS THAT IT?

CAW FLAP YOWCH CAW PECK OW

THUD

YOU MAY HAVE GONE **UP** LIKE A MONKEY WITH A BEE ON HIS TAIL...

...BUT YOU CAME DOWN LIKE A GORILLA RIDING AN **ANVIL**!

THE LIMITS OF SWEET CHARITY HAVE BEEN REACHED AND EXCEEDED!

DONALD DUCK

GIMME ALL THE CATS YOU'VE GOT!

PETS

YES, SIR!

DOGGY SNAKOS

THERE'S NOTHING LIKE A BRACE OF CATS TO BUST UP A GANG OF HOOLIGAN CROWS!

GO GET EM, GUYS!

MEOWR

IT'S WORKING! THE CATS ARE CHASING AWAY THE CROWS!

CAW CAW

ROWR

WHEREUPON I, IN MY CLEVER WAY, RESUME MY CLIMB TO THE TOP!

UH OH! NOW THE RACCOONS ARE CHASING THE CATS!

THUD

WELL, THAT OUGHT TO BE JUST ABOUT IT! CROWS, CATS, RACCOONS! IS THERE ANYTHING I'VE **MISSED**?

BONK

PLONK

NOPE!

AFTER MUCH MOIL AND TOIL DONALD FINALLY MANAGES TO CLEAR THE OLD TREE OF ITS BRANCHES!

THAT'S THE LAST OF THEM!

BRUP

YOU'D BETTER HURRY IT UP, UNCA DONALD!

WE DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THOSE CLOUDS!

CLOUDS? WHAT CLOUDS?

YIPES! THOSE ARE **THUNDERHEADS**! AND THIS LONE DING-DONG TREE IS JUST BEGGING TO BE STRUCK BY —

ZITCH

COME ON, UNCA DONALD! LET'S GET INSIDE BEFORE ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENS!

WHAT ELSE COULD POSSIBLY HAPPEN? EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT LIGHTNING NEVER STRIKES TWICE IN THE SAME PLACE!

ZZZAP

THE TREE IS FALLING!

FEET, DO YOUR STUFF!

GANGWAY!

OH, NO! IT'S GOING TO HIT THE HOUSE!

KARUMPH

AS EVENING SHADOWS FALL—

THIS MAY NOT BE VERY GENTEEL, UNCA DONALD, BUT YOU'VE GOT TO ADMIT IT'S SURE COZY!

ZIP YOUR LIP!

WALT DISNEY'S

MICKEY MOUSE

MICKEY AND MINNIE ARE TOURING COLORADO'S GREAT SAND DUNES NATIONAL MONUMENT!

"A WANDERING DUNE SHIFTS POSITION AS WIND BLOWS SAND UP ONE SIDE AND DOWN THE OTHER!

ARE THESE WANDERING DUNES?

YOU GOT IT, TOOTS! SEE! THERE'S THE WIND BLOWING 'EM NOW!

D95122

"SINGING DUNES HAVE SAND THAT CAUSES A WHISTLING SOUND WHEN THE WIND BLOWS IT!"

ARE THESE SINGING DUNES TOO, MICKEY?

WHY, SURE THEY ARE! COCK UP AN EAR AND LISTEN!

♫ I'M A DING-DONG DADDY FROM DUMAS! ♫

HEH-HEH! NO APPRECIATION!

WHOOPS! I'VE LOST MY *FOOTING* ON THIS OVER-GROWN MOLEHILL!

DON'T WORRY, MICKEY! YOU'LL LAND NICE AND SOFT AT THE BOTTOM!

SOFT?!

WHAM!

DON'T YOU BELIEVE IT!

RIGHT HERE IT'S HARD AS CLARABELLE'S BRAN MUFFINS!

SAND ISN'T HARD!

THUNK! THUNK!

SOMETHIN' *BURIED* IN IT IS, THEN! MAYBE A PALACE FROM THE SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD!

OH, SURE! OR MAYBE IT'S KING TUT'S TOMB! WHEN YOU GET EXCITED, MICKEY, YOU THINK *ANYTHING'S POSSIBLE!*

I SAY ANYTHING *IS* POSSIBLE, MINNIE! *AIM YOUR PEEPERS AT THAT!*

IT'S A RELIC FROM WHEN THE ***SPANIARDS*** LIVED HERE!

WHEN FOLKS LEARN THAT WE FOUND IT, WE'LL BE ***FAMOUS ARCHAEOLOGISTS!***

AND SOONER THE BETTER! LET'S FIND SOME PARK RANGERS TO COME WATCH US FINISH THE DIG!

DOGGONE THIS WIND! IT ***WOULD*** COME UP WHEN WE'RE IN A HURRY!

SOON...

AN ANCIENT CARVED ROCK WITH SPANISH WRITING ALL OVER IT! AND...

RANGER SERVICE

AND...

WHAT TH' HECK?! THE STONE'S ***VANISHED!***

IT ***WAS*** HERE! MAYBE THE SAND COVERED IT UP!

BRHMPH!

NOPE! ***SOMEHOW*** IT'S GONE WITH THE WIND!

AND I'M NOT ***IMPRESSED***, MOUSE! GOOD DAY!

CONFOUND TH' LUCK! SWELL ARCHAEOLOGIST I TURNED OUT T' BE!

OWOO!

!

GRACIOUS! IT'S OUR RELIC BACK AGAIN!

IN A *DIFFERENT* PLACE! AN' FOR TH' LUVVA MIKE, *HOW?!*

SAY! IT'S THAT BUSINESS YOU WERE READIN' ABOUT, MINNIE!

SNAP!

THE WIND'S BEEN BLOWIN' EAST, AND SO THE *DUNES* HAVE BEEN MOVIN' THAT WAY, TOO!

THE *DUNES ARE WANDERING!* THAT'S WHAT CONFUSED US!

WELL, THAT'S OVER NOW! AND LOOK!

THIS ROCK'S NOT *THICK!* IT'S JUST LIKE A BIG *MANHOLE COVER!*

LET'S SEE WHAT'S *UNDER* IT! *OH, BOY! WHOOPEE!*

MICKEY! *CALM DOWN!*

EVERY TIME YOU GET *EXCITED* YOU TAKE FOOLISH *RISKS!* WHY, IF SOMEONE FOUND US HERE—

GEE WHIZ, MINNIE! TAKIN' *RISKS* IS PART OF HAVIN' AN *ADVENTURE!*

BESIDES, WE AREN'T RISKIN' *ANYTHING* NOW!

OH, SO? IN THE DUNES AHEAD...

AHH-H! SMELL THAT PURE AIR, PETE! I LOVE LEAVIN' TH' CITY SMOG BEHIND!

PUFF! PUFF!

GOOD FER YOU!

MICKEY AND MINNIE MOVE THE "MANHOLE COVER" — AND MICKEY'S DREAMS COME TRUE!

HOT DAWG! IT'S TREASURE ISLAND ALL OVER AGAIN!

HOW OLD IS THIS HOARD? I READ THEY FOUND GOLD HERE IN THE 1800S!

BUT THIS TRADER FOUND SOME *EARLIER* — AN' HID IT *DOWN HERE* WITH HIS INVENTORY!

HOTCHA! *WHAT* A FIND! LET'S GO GET THAT RANGER BACK HERE!

NO! NO! NO!

YOU'LL ATTRACT A BILLION *FORTUNE HUNTERS* IF YOU GO RUNNING ACROSS THIS DESERT LIKE THE CAVALRY!

UH — YEAH! I SEE!

AND WHAT IF WE *BOTH* GO, LIKE YOU SAID, AND THE WIND *COVERED* THIS CAVERN AGAIN?

I THOUGHT OF THAT! REALLY!

YOU'RE *TOO EXCITED* TO USE GOOD JUDGEMENT! *STAY HERE!* I'LL GET THE RANGER!

WELL, WHADDYA KNOW ABOUT THAT!

GOODNESS KNOWS I LIKE ADVENTURE, TOO! BUT I DON'T LIKE *TROUBLE* — AND MICKEY'S ALWAYS GETTING INTO IT!

BUT THE REAL TROUBLE HASN'T STARTED... YET!

GREAT BALLS O' FIRE! LOOK, PETE! IT'S MINNIE!

MINNIE!

HEY! SQUINCH! WHUT IN BLAZES ARE YUH THINKIN' ABOUT, YUH BLASTED SWAB?

ER... I WAS JEST THINKIN' THAT *MICKEY'S* PROB'LY HERE, TOO! NOWS OUR CHANCE TER GET HIM!

THAT'S ALL!

YER THINKIN' O' *MARRYIN'* MINNIE AGIN! BUT IF *ANYONE* GITS HER ... IT'S *ME*, SEE?

=SNORT!=

QUIET! I JEST HIT ON SOMETHIN'!

NEITHER OF US CAN GIT HER! IF SHE *SURVIVES*, SHE'D TELL TH' COPS WE RUBBED OUT MICKEY!

CRIMINY! SHE *WOULD!* OH, WELL! LET'S GO MOP THUH DUNES WITH BOTH OF 'EM!

THAT RANGER WON'T COME BACK 'TIL WE TAKE HIM SOME GOLD TO *PROVE* WE'VE *REALLY FOUND IT!*

H-HE WON'T?! THEN ... WHO'S THAT?

OH, MY STARS AND COMETS! *PETE AN' SQUINCH!*

WAL, SLAP ME DOWN A HATCH!

WE DON'T *JUST* GIT THIS RAT OUTTA OUR HAIR...WE GIT A *TREASURE*, TOO!

LOOKIT THESE SPLENDID *DOUBLOONS* AN' *WAMPUM* AN' *PIECES OF EIGHT!*

HAW! THESE COINS AN' NECKLACES AIN'T HALF BAD, NEITHER!

HEH, HEH, HEH! WHY, I KIN RETIRE FER GOOD ON THIS OPULENT HEAP! WON'T NEED A THING MORE IN THE WORLD!

YUH *WOULDN'T*, HUH?

THEN IT'S ALL SETTLED! I *MARRY MINNIE!*

HEY!

WHY, YE GOLDINGED HIRED STOOGE! I'M TH' BOSS! I MARRY HER!

YOU AIN'T GONNA HAVE NO MORE #6!%? WIFE THAN AN EGGPLANT!

WE'RE OFF! SO LONG! IT'S BEEN GOOD T' KNOW YA!

?

!

FULL SPEED AHEAD! TIME TO CALL THE NATIONAL GUARD!

OH, FOR GOSH SAKES!

FWOOSH!

PLOP!

SHORTLY...

OKE, SQUINCH! SHOULD I R.NG DEM RATS' NECKS?

DON'T BE SO CONSARN MESSY, PETE! WE KIN GIT R'D OF 'EM NICE AN' CLEAN BY *COVERIN'* *UP* THIS CAVERN!

IF THEY CAN'T BREATHE SO WELL AFTER *SAND* CUTS OFF THEIR OXYGEN, TAIN'T *OUR* FAULT... *WE* COULDN'T HELP IT!

AND SO...

♫ *ASHES T' ASHES, AN' DUST T' DUST! IF TH' HEAT DOESN'T GIT 'EM, THE LACK OF AIR MUST!* ♫

≡GULP!≡ ESCAPE PLAN A FAILED! WHAT'S PLAN B?

THERE IS NO PLAN B!

WHAT?

I'M SORRY, MINNIE! I WAS SO EXCITED ABOUT TH' TREASURE THAT I NEVER CONSIDERED TROUBLE 'TIL IT *HAPPENED!*

I *KNEW* IT! I...

AW, I CAN'T BLAME YOU! NOBODY'S PERFECT!

LOOK, MICKEY! YOU'VE GOT *ENERGY*, AND LOTS OF *BRAINS!* I NEVER WANT YOU TO LOSE EITHER OF THEM!

BUT NOW YOU'VE GOTTA FUEL YOUR BRAINS WITH YOUR ENERGY! YOU'VE DONE IT BEFORE!

I KNOW YOU CAN DO IT AGAIN!

YOU'RE *RIGHT!* I *CAN!* YOU'RE WONDERFUL, MINNIE!

NOW ONE PUSH, AND ...

JUST CALL ME HOUDINI!

GOTTA MOVE THIS SLAB, TOOTS, BEFORE PETE AND SQUINCH GET TOO FAR AWAY!

HOTCHA! THE *WIND'S* PUSHING SAND DOWN THE DUNES ... AN' THIS CAVERN'S A BIG *BATHTUB DRAIN* FOR IT TO EMPTY INTO!

AN' HERE COMES THE *DIRT* ALONG WITH THE BATH WATER!

WOT THUH BLUE BLAZES?

SLOONGH!

UH ... WHERE AM I?

IN THE *BEST OF HANDS*, PETE!

SMACK!

SO MICKEY AND MINNIE TRIUMPH OVER VILLAINS AND DISBELIEVERS ALIKE!

HERE'S THE CAVERN Y' THOUGHT DIDN'T EXIST AND THE TREASURE THAT ***WASN'T*** INSIDE! REMEMBER!

ER ... ⇒KOFF! KOFF!⇐ YEAH, I REMEMBER!

OUR HEROES GET A SHARE OF THE HOARD — AND THAT NIGHT THE RANGERS' HEADQUARTERS RINGS MERRY WITH THE SOUNDS OF FEASTING!

♫ FOR THESES ARE JOLLY GOOD FELLOWS — THAT NOBODY CAN DENY! ♫

RANGER STATION

TH' REST O' TH' TREASURE GETS LOANED T' MUSEUMS, I GUESS!

MAYBE PETE AND SQUINCH WILL SEE IT IN ONE ... AFTER THEY'RE OUT OF THE HOOSEGOW!

AN' BOY! SOME SWELL PARTY THOSE RANGERS THREW FOR US!

SHH! LISTEN! YOU CAN STILL HEAR THEM SINGING!

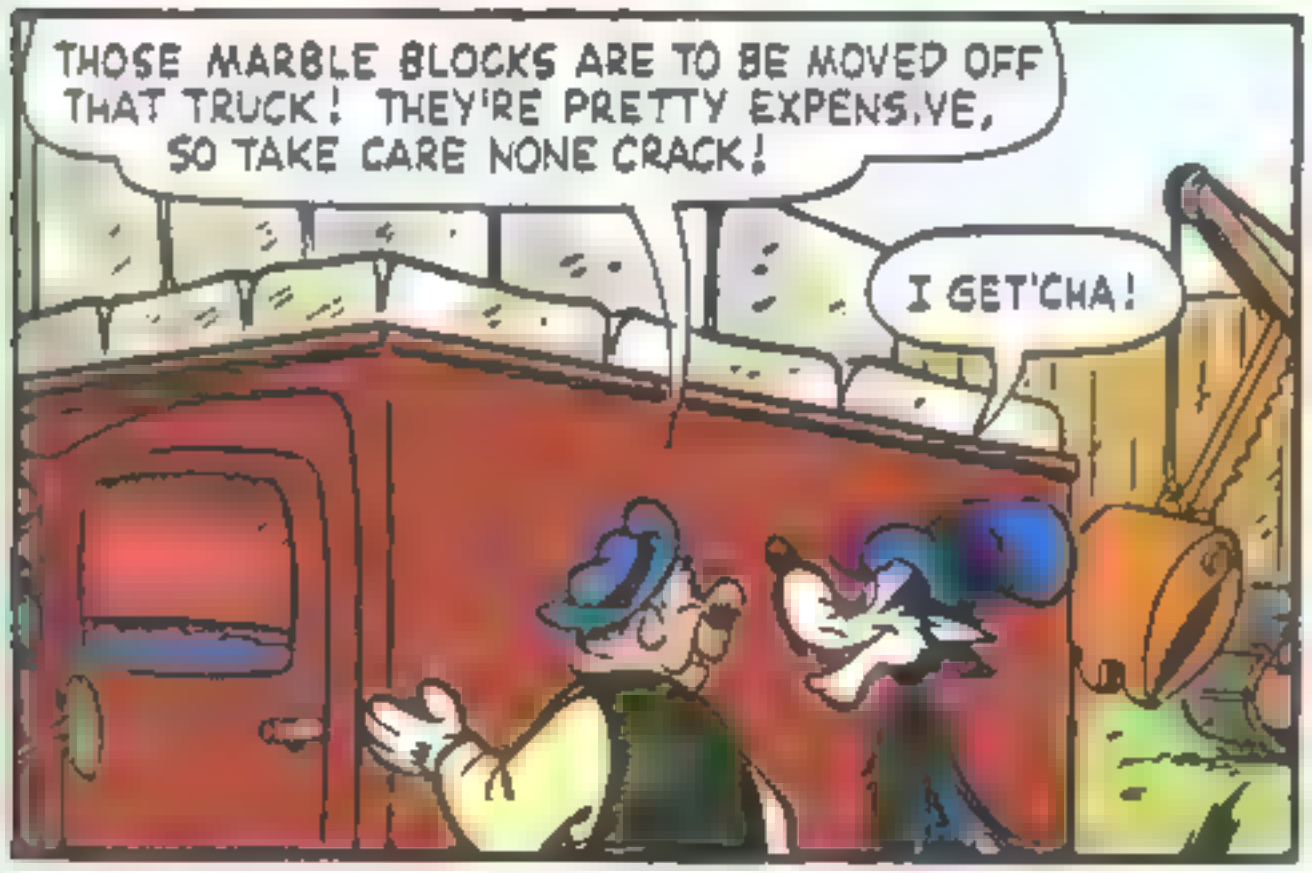
♫ I'M A DING-DONG DADDY FROM DUMAS! ♫

SAUCE FOR THE GOOSE IS SAUCE FOR THE GANDER!

Walt Disney's the LI'L BAD WOLF

UP FOR GRABS

HELP WANTED
APPLY HERE
FOREMAN
MY POP WANTS THAT STEAM SHOVEL JOB, MR. FOREMAN! HE'S WILLING AND READY TO WORK!
YEP! I'M JUST CRAZY ABOUT THAT STEAM SHOVEL..
FINE! I'LL EXPLAIN YOUR DUTIES!



WORKERS ARE SCARCE THESE DAYS, SO THANKS FOR HELPING ME OUT OF A SPOT, LI'L WOLF:
YOU GAVE ME A JOB SIR, SO I THOUGHT I'D ASK FRIENDS AND RELATIVES TO HELP OUT, TOO!

I DON'T FIGURE TO BE ON THIS JOB TOO LONG. HEH, HEH. HOPE LI'L WOLF ISN'T DISAPPOINTED IN ME.

MEANWHILE...

REAL SWELL OF L. L WOLF TO GET JOBS FOR US!

I'LL SAY! WE'D BETTER HURRY OR WE'LL BE LATE!

THERE HE IS, SIGNALING THE TRUCK.

WONDER WHAT WE'LL GET TO DO!

OH-OH! HERE THEY ARE... AND RIGHT ON TIME, TOO.

HEY. WHAT?

EEK. WE GOT RIGHT IN THE WAY OF THAT STEAM SHOVEL!

QUITE A HANDY GADGET IT IS, TOO, EH? HA, HA.

IT'S THE WOLF!

NOT A PEEP OUT OF YOU TWO! I'M GOING TO HOP INTO THAT TRUCK.

GULP!

GASP!

IT'LL LEAVE SOON AS IT'S UNLOADED...AND WE'LL BE ON IT!

HEY! HOW COME THAT STEAM SHOVEL'S NOT WORKING?

WHERE'S YOUR POP, LI'L WOLF? IT'S NOT LUNCHTIME YET!

HUH?

MAYBE HE WENT FOR A DRINK OF WATER. I'LL TAKE OVER UNTIL HE GETS BACK.

OKAY, BUT WARN HIM NOT TO LEAVE HIS POST AFTER THIS!

POP GAVE ME HIS WORD HE WOULDN'T QUIT. I JUST HOPE HE HASN'T!

EVERYTHING'S WORKING OUT FINE! NOBODY'S NOTICED ANYTHING!

PSST...PSST...

OKAY!

NOW.

RIGHT. DUCK OUT OF THE WAY!

HEY! WHAT?

CLANK!

POP! WHAT IN THE WORLD?

HIYA, SON! HEH, HEH! I'M STILL ON THE JOB.

ZIP!

THE PIGGY BOYS! SO THAT'S IT!

WE'LL SAY HE IS! ON THE JOB CATCHING US, THE OLD MEANY!

?

ZIP!

ZIP!

SHAME ON YOU, POP!

JUST TESTING...ER, NEW GRABBING POSSIBILITIES LI'L WOLF! HEH, HEH!

BUT LIKE I PROMISED, I'M NOT QUITTING MY JOB!

ALL RIGHT, YOU GET ANOTHER CHANCE, POP! I'LL SQUARE IT WITH THE FOREMAN!

WHAT'S HE DOING UP THERE? WHAT'S GOING ON?

AHEM! POP'S SO CONSCIENTIOUS ABOUT NOT CRACKING ANY OF THOSE MARBLE BLOCKS, HE DECIDED TO HANDLE THEM PERSONALLY!

HUH?

IF IT'S ALL RIGHT, THE PIGGY BOYS WILL HANDLE THE SHOVEL!

SHOW ME!

SAY, THAT'S FINE, LI'L WOLF! QUITE A SMOOTH-WORKING OPERATION!

YEAH! POP'S GOOD AT GRABBING AND HANGING ONTO THINGS!

ONLY TWO DOZEN MORE TO GO! TEE, HEE!

OOOOOH, BAH!

Hu End

Walt Disney's

UNCLE $CROOGE AND GYRO GEARLOOSE

CAVE of the WINDS

HIGH IN THE AEOLIAN MOUNTAINS, WHERE THE WINDS PLAY STRANGE TUNES AMONG THE CRAGS, GYRO MEETS HIS KNOTTIEST PROBLEM WHILE DOING A JOB FOR TRILLIONAIRE SCROOGE McDUCK!

I SEE SOMETHING — LIKE A SHIFTING CLOUD — UP THERE IN THE SKY, MR. McDUCK!

IT CAN'T BE WHAT WE'RE LOOKING FOR, GYRO!

GGK 1095

IT MUST BE ONLY A FLIGHT OF HAWKS FROM THE BLACK FOREST OF DUCKBURG!

IT *ISN'T* HAWKS, MR. McDUCK. IT'S - IT'S THE ***BAD NEWS***, ITSELF!

HOW DOES GYRO HAPPEN TO BE IN THIS AWESOME PLACE? IT IS NECESSARY TO FLASH BACK TO A RECENT DAY IN DUCKBURG!

INVENTIONS! INVENTIONS! WHO WANTS A NICE FRESH INVENTION TODAY?

BRR! THERE ARE SOME TOUGH-LOOKING CHARACTERS HANGING AROUND THIS DISTRICT LATELY!

176-671 BEAGLE BOYS INC

176-671 BEAGLE BOYS INC 176-716

AND THAT'S ODD, BECAUSE THIS IS THE RESPECTABLE ***BUSINESS*** AND ***BANKING*** SECTION OF THE CITY!

THIS BUILDING RIGHT HERE IS THE FABULOUS MONEY BIN OF TYCOON SCROOGE McDUCK!

VROOP

SLAM

WHAT'S THE DEAL? WHERE AM I GOING?

GREETINGS, GYRO! I'VE BEEN WATCHING FOR YOU ALL MORNING!

T-TYCOON SCROOGE McDUCK!

I NEED YOUR HELP, GYRO! I'M ***BOXED-IN*** HERE, AND I NEED A ***TRICKY*** WAY TO GET MY MONEY OUT TO A SAFE PLACE!

I THOUGHT THIS ***BIN*** WAS THE SAFEST PLACE THERE IS!

IT ***WAS***, BUT WHEN I LOOK AT THAT RING OF BEAGLE BOYS AROUND THE PLACE I'M AFRAID IT'S ABOUT TO BE ***CRACKED***!

THERE MUST BE A *SIMPLER* WAY TO FOIL THOSE BURGLARS THAN BY MOVING ALL YOUR HOARD OF MONEY!

I'VE WRITTEN THE PROBLEM ON A PIECE OF PAPER WHICH I DROP INTO THIS WATER IN WHICH I'VE BOILED AN ENCYCLOPEDIA!

NOW I POUR IN SOME *ALPHABET* SOUP MIX!

AND — PRESTO! OUT COMES THE *ANSWER* ONTO A BLOTTER!

IT SAYS, *TRADE THE MONEY — WITHOUT MOVING IT — FOR DUCKBURG* ***SAVINGS BONDS!***

OF COURSE! THE DUCKBURG *ARMY* WOULD THEN MOVE THE MONEY IF IT HAD TO BE MOVED!

TRADE THE MONEY — WITHOUT DUCKBURG SAVINGS BO

DUCKBURG WOULD HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THE BEAGLE BOYS — NOT YOU!

AND I'D STILL HAVE MY *FORTUNE* — HIDDEN AWAY SOMEWHERE ELSE IN SAVINGS BONDS!

THAT IDEA IS WORTH A FAT FEE, GYRO! MAKE OUT A BILL WHILE I PHONE THE DUCKBURG TREASURY!

FIVE MINUTES TIME... HALF OUNCE OF ALPHABET...

HELLO — SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY?... I WANT TO MAKE A *DEAL* —

TRA LA LA LA

For services rendered -
$1.00

For services rendered
$100

THE DEAL IS MADE! I PICK UP MY BONDS AT THE CITY HALL AS SOON AS THE TREASURER HAS COME HERE AND COUNTED MY MONEY!

FINE! MY BILL IS THERE ON THE DESK, MR. McDUCK!

EE-YOW! YOU SURE KNOW HOW TO *CHARGE*, GYRO!

For services rendered -
$100,000

WELL, I GUESS THE JOB WAS *WORTH IT.* AT THAT!

!!

GOLLY! *INFLATION* MUST BE HERE FOR SURE! IMAGINE *THAT MUCH* MONEY AMOUNTING TO ONLY *ONE DOLLAR!*

SCROOGE McDUCK LOANS ETC.

WHAT HAVE YOU GOT IN THAT BAG, BUB?

GRAPEFRUIT JUICE! OW!

176-617

116-716

BEAGLE BOYS

I GUESS THAT'LL TEACH THOSE BEAGLE BOYS NOT TO STOP *EVERYBODY* THEY SEE!

DAYS PASS!

INVENTIONS! INVENTIONS! WHO WANTS A BRAND-NEW INVENTION TODAY?

GYRO GEARLOOSE INVENTIONS WHILE U WAIT

GYRO! GYRO! I NEED YOUR HELP AGAIN!

IT'S ABOUT THOSE *SAVINGS BONDS*! I HID THEM IN A *CAVE* IN THE AEOLIAN MOUNTAINS, AND NOW THEY'RE *GONE*!

YOICKS! FINDING LOST BONDS IS HARDLY AN INVENTOR'S LINE!

YOU CAN *TRY*! I'LL HELP YOU LOAD ANY TOOLS YOU NEED!

SOON!

WE'RE OFF! SAY, MR. McDUCK, THOSE AEOLIAN MOUNTAINS HIDE SOME MIGHTY WEIRD *MYSTERIES*, I'VE HEARD!

YES, GYRO! AND NOW THEY'RE HIDING MY SAVINGS BONDS!

BRR. WHAT CRAGS AND CHASMS! THEY SAY THE MUSIC OF GIANT *HARPS* COMES FROM THOSE PEAKS DURING WILD MOUNTAIN STORMS!

I WOULDN'T DOUBT IT, GYRO!

WELL, HERE'S THE CAVE WHERE I HID THE BONDS!

CLEVER! NO WAY TO GET INTO IT EXCEPT BY HELICOPTER!

I STUFFED THE BONDS INTO THESE BLIND NICHES, WHERE *NOBODY* WOULD HAVE ANY REASON TO LOOK!

MY SUPER SPECTACLES TELL ME THAT NOBODY *HAS* LOOKED!

TAKE THIS LIGHT, MR. McDUCK, AND WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN SPOT ANY CLUES ALONG THESE SCOURED WALLS!

WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY *SCOURED*, GYRO?

SOMETHING HAS WORN THESE ROCKS TO A GLASSY POLISH! I WONDER WHAT?

HEY! IT'S SUDDENLY *STORMING* OUTSIDE!

THAT MEANS THE GIANT *HARPS* WILL BE PLAYING IN THE PEAKS ABOVE!... I WISH WE COULD HEAR THE CONCERT!

I SAY, MR. McDUCK!... HEY! *WHERE ARE YOU?*

HE MLST HAVE GONE AROUND THAT DiSTANT BEND — BUT *WHY*?

WHIT!

WHIT

I GET IT NOW! THIS CAVE IS A G.ANT *WIND TUNNEL*!

THIS IS WHAT BECAME OF YOUR BONDS, MR. McDUCK! THEY *BLEW* AWAY!

WHAT DID YOU SAY, GYRO?

NOW

NIP

I SAY YOUR BONDS JUST *BLEW* OUT OF THE CAVE!

I CAN'T HEAR A WORD YOU SAY!

THESE CONFOUNDED *AEOLIAN HARPS* ARE MAKING TOO MUCH NOISE!

WEEEOo.

EEE-OOOo.

OWOOOEEEEEE

WAA-A-EEEOOo.

When the storm ends!

WELL, WE KNOW WHAT MAKES THE MUSIC! IT'S THE WIND HOWLING OUT THROUGH THE CRACKS OF THAT CAVE!

MY BONDS! MY ENTIRE FORTUNE! I HID MY WEALTH IN A CAVE OF THE WINDS!

IF THE BONDS ARE SCATTERED IN THE BLACK FOREST OF DUCKBURG, I'LL NEVER FIND HALF OF THEM!

THEY — WAIT! ... I SEE SOMETHING — LIKE A STRANGE *CLOUD* UP THERE IN THE SKY, MR. McDUCK!

IT IS THE MISSING BONDS, WHIRLING ENDLESSLY IN A GREAT VORTEX OF AIR ABOVE THE WINDY PEAKS!

I'LL HAVE TO INVENT SOME REMARKABLE WAY TO GET THEM DOWN!

HERE'S THE HELICOPTER! IT BLEW THROUGH THE CAVE, TOO! WE'LL REPAIR IT AND FLY BACK TO MY INVENTION SHOP!

AT THAT MOMENT IN DUCKBURG!

DOGGONE OUR LUCK! NOW THAT *DUCKBURG* OWNS OLD SCROOGE'S MONEY BIN, THE MAYOR SENDS THE *ARMY* TO RUN US OUT OF TOWN!

SCRAM, YOU BAD BEAGLE BOYS!

WELL, THERE ARE OTHER CITIES AND OTHER RICH PICKIN'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE BORDER!

PHOOEY ON DUCKBURG!

HEY! WHAT'S THAT ODD *CLOUD* SWIRLING ABOVE THE AEOLIAN MOUNTAINS?

IT'S *DUCKBURG SAVINGS BONDS*! THOUSANDS OF THOUSAND-DOLLAR SAVINGS BONDS!

WHEN I GET TO MY SHOP I'LL INVENT A WAY TO SWEEP THOSE BONDS OUT OF THE SKY WITH PLANES AND A *NET*!

LOOKS AS IF *SOMEBODY'S* ALREADY THOUGHT OF THAT, GYRO!

THE *BEAGLE BOYS*! THEY'RE PREPARING TO SWEEP UP THE BONDS WITH THEIR DRAG CHUTE!

HELPER, DO WHAT YOU CAN TO DELAY THOSE SKY RUSTLERS! MR. McDUCK AND I MUST *TAKE OFF*!

THERE'S ONLY *ONE WAY* TO SAVE YOUR FORTUNE NOW, MR. McDUCK!

WHAT WAY IS THAT, GYRO?

WE MUST *REVERSE THE HARPS*!

OH, BOY! THIS'LL BE LIKE NETTING FISH IN A BARREL!

BZZAZZ

HEY! WHAT'S THE IDEA OF CHANGING COURSE?

I DIDN'T CHANGE COURSE! SOME KIND OF *RAY* BUGGED ALL THE CONTROLS!

HELP ME SNUB THIS WHIRLYBIRD IN THE CAVE MOUTH, MR. McDUCK!

SOON!

I'M PEPPING UP THE ROTOR TO *ONE THOUSAND TIMES* ITS FORMER POWER!

HURRY, GYRO! HURRY! HURRY!

THE BEAGLE BOYS SWOOP BACK AGAIN AND AGAIN!

I THINK WE'LL NET THE BONDS THIS TIME, MATES! THAT RAY SEEMS TO BE **WEAKENING**!

BZZZ— FZT.

TOUCHE'!

CONTACT! WE'RE ROLLING!

ROAR

HELP! SOMETHING'S YANKED THE WHOLE SKY FROM UNDER US!

CRASH

AND SO!

THE BONDS HAVE COME HOME TO PAPA, GYRO!

I CAN'T HEAR YOU, MR. McDUCK! THOSE BEAGLE BOYS ARE HOWLING TOO LOUDLY UP THERE ON THE CRAGS!

I THINK THEIR SCREECHES ARE BEAUTIFUL, GYRO! PRETTIER THAN ANY MUSIC THE AEOLIAN HARPS EVER PLAYED!

Walt Disney's

MICKEY MOUSE

in

TOP PERFORMANCE

OH, MICKEY! YOU LOOK SIMPLY ADORABLE!

YES, YOU'LL BE A BIG HIT IN OUR SCHOOL PLAY TONIGHT!

PHOOEY!

I'VE A GOOD NOTION NOT TO SHOW UP!

MICKEY MOUSE, IF YOU PULL A MEAN TRICK LIKE THAT, I'LL NEVER SPEAK TO YOU AGAN!

YOU CAN'T **DO** SUCH A THING! THE WHOLE PLAY DEPENDS ON YOU!

AND WE WORKED SO HARD ON YOUR DRESS, TOO!

OKAY-OKAY!

I'M SORRY, BUT I WISH I HADN'T LET YOU TALK ME INTO TAKING THIS PART!

'BYE NOW! WE'LL SEE YOU AT THE PLAY!

YES, WE HAVE SEATS IN THE VERY FIRST ROW!

I'LL TAKE THIS OLD ROAD TO THE SCHOOL AUDITORIUM...

I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO SEE ME DRIVING AROUND IN THIS LADY'S OUTFIT!

MEANWHILE, INSIDE THE BEELER MANSION ON THE OLD ROAD...

CLICK!

WE'RE LOCKING YOU TWO UP! WE CAN'T HAVE YOU INTERFERING WITH OUR PLANS!

THAT TAKES CARE OF THEM!

BUT WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO NOW?

WE'VE GOT TO HAVE A LADY, OR OUR SCHEME WON'T WORK!

UH, OH! THAT'S RIGHT!

BUT WE CAN'T USE THE BEELER DAME! SHE WON'T KEEP QUIET!

BANG!

THE COPS!

I'M LEAVIN'!

WAIT A MINUTE! THIS LOOKS INTERESTING!

THAT NOISE WASN'T A SHOT, IT WAS A TIRE BLOWING OUT ON THAT CAR!

OH, BOY! AND THE DRIVER'S A LITTLE LADY!

DOGGONE IT! I WOULD HAVE TO GET A FLAT TIRE!

BLAP! BLAP! BLAP!

OH, WELL, IT'S LUCKY I HAD A BLOWOUT HERE, INSTEAD OF IN TOWN!

I CAN JUST IMAGINE THE RIBBING I'D GET, IF PEOPLE SAW **ME** WEARING A **DRESS!**

A FEW MOMENTS LATER...

YOU KNOW WHAT TO DO AFTER YOU FIX THE FLAT TIRE?

SURE, I'LL BRING HER HERE!

ALLOW **ME**, MADAM!

SNATCH!

THANKS, BUT I CAN FIX MY OWN TIRE!

NOPE, LADY!

I WOULDN'T THINK OF LETTING YOU GET THAT PRETTY DRESS DIRTY!

ER-AH-IT DOESN'T MATTER, REALLY!

GOSH, HE THINKS I'M A LADY! MAYBE I'D BETTER KEEP ON PRETENDING TO BE ONE!

SHORTLY...

HOP IN THE CAR! YOUR TIRES ALL FIXED!

HOW CAN I THANK YOU?

BY LETT.N' ME DO THE DR.VING!

HEY, YOU'RE TURNING INTO THE BEELER MANSION DR.VEWAY!

HOW R GHT YOU ARE, MADAM!

I DEMAND TO KNOW WHERE YOU'RE TAKING ME!

YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH, LADY!

GREAT WORK! YOU GOT HERE JUST IN TIME!

IS THE LAWYER HERE?

HE'S COMING TO THE FRONT DOOR NOW!

LOOK HERE, YOU TWO! I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR GAME IS, BUT I'M **NOT** ANY PART OF IT!

OH, NO?

YOU'D BETTER BE, SIS!

NOW LISTEN TO THIS — OLD MAN BEELER LEFT HIS NEPHEW AND HIS NEPHEW'S WIFE A HUGE CASH INHERITANCE!

SO WHAT?

UNDER THE TERMS OF THE WILL, THAT MONEY WILL BE PAID TODAY!

AND OLD BEELER'S LAWYER IS BRINGING IT HERE!

WE FOUND OUT HE HAS NEVER SEEN THE NEPHEW OR HIS WIFE!

SO WE SIMPLY LOCKED THEM UP!

THEY'RE SAFE IN AN ATTIC BEDROOM!

WITH THEM OUT OF THE WAY, WE CAN COLLECT THE INHERITANCE!

WHAT'S THAT GOT TO DO WITH **ME**?

YOU'RE GOING TO BE MY WIFE!

WHAT?

YEP! AND MY PAL IS GOING TO BE THE **NEPHEW** — GET IT?

BING! BONG! BING!

THERE'S THE LAWYER NOW! WATCH ME PUT ON MY OLD BUTLER ACT! HEH! HEH!

STEP RIGHT INTO THE PARLOR! THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU, SIR!

THANK YOU!

WELCOME, SIR, AND MAY I INTRODUCE MY **DEAR WIFE!**

CHARMED, I'M SURE!

DEAR WIFE, PHOOEY!

TAKE THAT!

SOCK!

OH, MY GOODNESS!

JUST HER CUTE WAY OF SHOWING AFFECTION FOR ME!

MY, MY — WHAT A TEMPER!

I LIKE A GIRL WITH SPIRIT — HEH, HEH!

PLOP!

YOU STAY IN THIS CHAIR AND DON'T TRY ANY MORE FUNNY STUFF! MY PAL'S WATCHING YOU!

NOW, SIR, I'M READY TO RECEIVE MY INHERITANCE!

MEANWHILE...

AN OLD MAGIC LANTERN AND SLIDES TO GO WITH IT... H'MM... I WONDER HOW I COULD USE 'EM!

THE CROOKS ARE GOING TO GET THAT MONEY UNLESS I CAN THINK OF A WAY TO STOP THEM!

OH, OH! I'M SURE GETTING A DIZZY IDEA, BUT IT **MIGHT** WORK!

HELP! THERE'S A BIG SPIDER UNDER MY CHAIR!

MICKEY TAKES ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION...

HURRY! CATCH IT QUICK!

WHAT'S THIS?

SSSSH!

ZIP!

These men are crooks, call Police!

YOU'D BETTER ACT FAST WHILE THEY'RE HUNTING THE SPIDER!

I DON'T SEE ANY SPIDER!

GOODNESS! IT MUST HAVE DISAPPEARED!

ZIP!

AT THE SAME TIME...

I'VE FORGOTTEN SOME IMPORTANT PAPERS, FOLKS, AND I'LL HAVE TO GO AFTER THEM!

USE THE TELEPHONE, IT'S HANDIER!

WELL— ER—

OPERATOR, CAN YOU HEAR ME?

YES, SIR!

SEND THE POL.CE TO THE OLD BEELER MANSION!

THE POLICE!

WE'VE BEEN DOUBLE-CROSSED! GRAB THE MONEY!

I'VE GOT IT!

STOP THEM! THAT BRIEF CASE CONTAINS A FORTUNE!

I HAVE A PLAN THAT MIGHT WORK! BUT WE'VE GOT TO MOVE FAST!

? ? ?

HURRY AND PLUG THIS ELECTRIC CORD INTO THE WALL SOCKET!

THEN I'LL PUT A SLIDE INTO THE MAGIC LANTERN!

AND, PRESTO, WE HAVE A RIVER SCENE ON THE GARDEN WALL!

HOW WILL **THAT** STOP THE CROOKS?

SHHH. THEY'RE LEAVING THE HOUSE NOW!

JUST A MINUTE. WE CAN'T LEAVE BY THE FRONT GATE.

WHY NOT?

THE COPS WILL BE COMING THAT WAY!

OKAY, THEN WE'LL TAKE THE ROWBOAT!

ROWBOAT?

YOU KNOW THERE'S NO WATER WITHIN TEN MILES OF HERE!

THERE'S NOT, HUH?

THEN WHAT'S A DOCK AND A ROWBOAT DOING OVER THERE?

MY GOSH, I'M WRONG!

WHAT A BREAK! WE'LL HOP IN THAT BOAT AND ESCAPE ACROSS THE LAKE...

WHILE EVERYONE'S LOOKING FOR US AT THE FRONT GATE!

HAW-HAW-HAW!

COME ON!

I'LL RACE YOU — LAST ONE INTO THE BOAT DOES THE ROWING!

CRASH!

ZOOM.

IT WORKED! THEY'RE DOWN!

WHAT DID WE RUN INTO?

INTO THE WALL, BOYS!

TAP! TAP!

THAT'S JUST A MAGIC LANTERN PICTURE! HEH, HEH!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

GREAT WORK, MINNIE!

I'M NOT MINNIE, I'M MICKEY!

WELL, BUST ME BRITCHES, SO YE ARE! BUT WHAT'RE YE DOING IN A LADY'S DRESS?

DISGUISED YOURSELF, HUH?

NOPE!

I'M PLAYING THE PART OF A LADY IN TONIGHT'S SCHOOL PLAY...

...THAT IS, IF I CAN GET THERE IN TIME!

WE'LL GET YOU THERE!

HOP IN THE SQUAD CAR, SON.

THANKS! NOW I WON'T DISAPPOINT CLARABELLE AND MINNIE!

DON'T FORGET TO RELEASE THE NEPHEW AND HIS WIFE: THEY'RE LOCKED IN THE ATTIC!

WHEEEEEE!

POLICE

I'LL GET THEM OUT FOR YOU, SIR, JUST AS SOON AS I TAKE CARE OF THESE TWO!

THAT BOY THINKS OF EVERYTHING!

GREAT LITTLE ACTOR, TOO... BUT HE'LL HAVE A HARD TIME TOPPING THE PERFORMANCE HE PUT ON HERE!

THE YEAR THAT WAS 1975

Time Wasters *has Carl Barks' identification number 9-75, indicating it was the ninth painting he did in 1975, one of a prolific 26, an average of one oil every two weeks* ***Time Wasters*** *was probably finished in early May of that year*

A shy collector from the midwest approached Gladstone's yet to be publisher Bruce Hamilton at a comic convention in Houston in the early summer of 1975 and asked if he would bid for him in a live auction scheduled that day. The item sought was **Time Wasters** — a Carl Barks oil painting of an Uncle Scrooge money bin that pictures all the Ducks.

Bidding signals were prearranged and the shy collector chose to stand on the opposite side of the crowded room from where Hamilton stood. But there had been a miscommunication! After the opening bids Hamilton understood he was to continue if signaled, the shy collector, however, intended that Hamilton continue bidding until signaled to **stop!**

A collector from Wisconsin prevailed and the shy collector didn't get his prize. "I would have paid more," he lamented. But efforts to buy it from the Wisconsin collector, offering him a tidy profit, were unsuccessful.

Feeling bad about what had happened, Hamilton called Barks after the show's conclusion. "Carl," Hamilton pleaded, "could you possibly do another painting similar to **Time Wasters**? If you could, I absolutely guarantee I've got a collector who will top all other bidders at the next convention."

A TALE OF TWO BINS

Energized by the potential of a new record-sett ng auction price, Barks promptly modified, reworked, and changed the composition — while retaining the basic idea · and **Hands Off My Playthings** was the result It was a painting that has since achieved status as one of Barks' best

Later, with Ham.lton again bidding for him, this time at a convent on in California, the shy collector did, indeed, outbid all others for **Hands Off My Playthings** The proud new owner admitted he'd fallen vict m to a **lucky** misunderstanding!

Hands Off My Playthings *was Carl Barks' sixteenth oil rendered in 1975 It was the only painting repro duced directly from the original art for Another Rainbow s legendary 1981 award winning book,* ***The Fine Art of Walt Disney's Donald Duck****, a compilation of 122 oils painted by the Old Duck Man between 1971 and 1976.*

THE YEAR THAT WAS 1936

Horvath's BIG Forest

F

Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs

his best

Snow White

Disney had a problem Art produced by early licensees around the world had resulted in some strange looking Mickeys. As Western Publishing entered the scene and began to produce legitimate storybooks, coloring books and other printed material based upon cartoon shorts, such as the **Silly Symphonies**, accurate representations of the films were needed

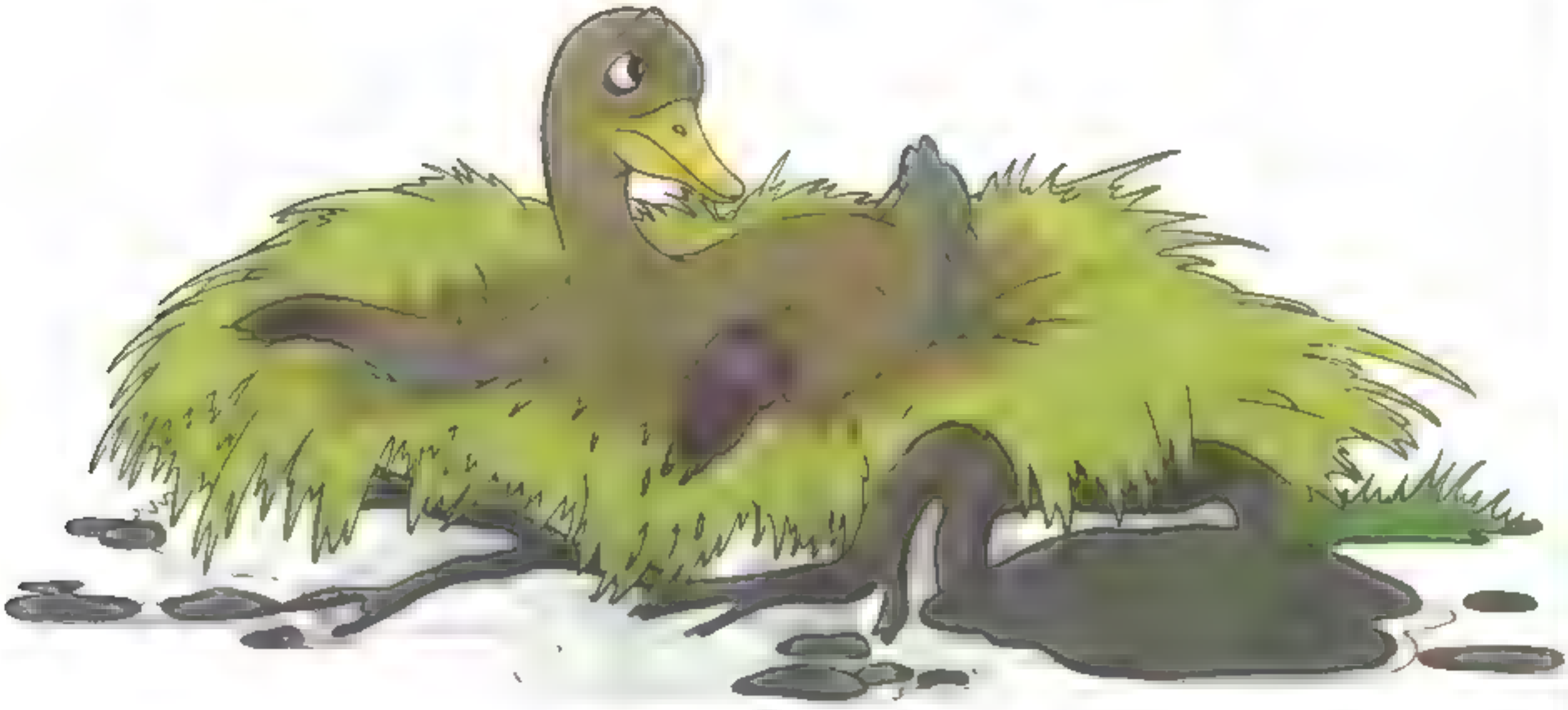
If Studio artists were called upon to illustrate the books that would have seemed to have been a solution. But the best artists were basically pencilers, inking and coloring were left up to others as images were transferred to celluloid

Until recent years historians didn't know what Disney's solution to the problem was. It may have begun with the D.C. Heath storybooks, such as 1939's **Little Pig's Picnic**, which was comprised of ten illustrated short stories written by Margaret Wise Brown and based on **Silly Symphonies** cartoons. All art by the Walt Disney Studio was done on celluloid!

HOW DISNEY RECREATED THE SILLIES

Early nitrate cels decompose under anything but ideal conditions and, as such, this D sney art is very rare today. A number did survive from one of **Picnic's** short stories, "The Ugly Duckling," all of which were photocopied for the following reprint

THE UGLY DUCKLING



Once upon a time there were two ducks. They had their nest on the edge of a pond in a far corner of the world. In the nest were five round, smooth eggs.

When the mother duck wasn't sitting on the nest, the father duck was sitting on the nest. All the time they were waiting for some little ducklings to come out of the eggs.

They waited for a long time. The father duck walked up and down. He walked up and down so much that he wore a deep path in the earth where he walked.

And then, one day, there came a pick-pick-pick from inside the eggs. And, one by one, out tumbled four tiny yellow ducklings. When they came tumbling over the edge of the nest, the father duck looked at them with pride and joy.

Then there came a pick-pick-pick from the inside of the fifth egg!

Out tumbled the fifth duckling!

There he stood on one foot. He did not look like the others. His feathers were white instead of yellow. His neck was longer. His eyes were big and staring.

When the other ducklings saw him, they ran and hid under their mother's wing. The mother duck stood there and looked. Never had she hatched a duck like this before.

The father duck came running with a quack-quack-quack.

"Where did this little thing come from?" he asked.

"You must have laid that egg," said the

mother duck.

"I don't lay eggs!" said the father duck. "Quack-quack-quack! Where did this little thing come from?"

The little thing stood there with a piece of eggshell on his head like a hat. He looked around him for the first time at the brand new world. He was so very happy to be born. He looked at the tall green grasses and the pink water lilies of the world he was to live in. He did not know he was an ugly duckling.

Then the mother duck took her little ducklings for their first walk. She shooed the little yellow ducklings on before her. The little ugly duckling came waddling along behind. But when he tried to come close to the mother duck, she shooed him away.

"You're no child of mine," she seemed to

say. Still, the little ugly duckling tagged along.

When the ducklings went for their first swim, the ugly duckling paddled his legs under him right along with the others.

"Well!" said the mother duck. "The thing is a swimming bird. But he certainly is a funny duck. Come, little ducklings, climb on my back."

The little ducklings climbed on her back with a "Quack! Quack! Quack!"

The ugly duckling swam very fast and climbed on too. Then the ugly duckling made his first noise.

"Honk! Honk!" he said.

What a strange noise for a duckling!

The mother duck and the little ducklings ducked their heads. Who ever heard of a honking duck! They pushed the ugly duckling off the mother duck's back into the water. A duck who honked did not belong to them.

Then the mother duck and her ducklings all swam off and left the little ugly duckling diving around by himself. He was very lonesome.

The poor little duckling swam around by himself until he was tired. Then he climbed up on the dry land.

Sitting there, he looked down into the dark green water. There in the water was his reflection, all twisted by the water of the stream. He did not look like the other ducklings. His eyes were too big and his neck was too long. His feathers were white instead of yellow.

And then he knew. He was an ugly duckling. Big tears came out of his eyes and fell there on the ground.

Poor little duckling! Another big tear squeezed out of one eye.

He was not wanted. He was an ugly duckling, and nobody loved him.

So he wandered off all alone through the marshes—one little duck in the wide, wide world.

He only looked back once at the yellow feather backs of the other ducklings as they ran after their mother. Then he went away all by himself.

As he walked along, he did not see that the rushes grew green by the bank, and red-winged blackbirds were singing there in the sunlight.

Suddenly he heard a chirping. Looking up, he saw four friendly little marsh birds chirping to him from a nest in a fallen tree.

The ugly duckling gave a little honk and climbed right up into the nest with them. The baby birds chirped lovingly around him. The nest was warm, and the little birds were soft beside him.

All at once the little birds opened their bills, and along came flying the old marsh bird who was their mother. She had a big

worm which she threw to them for their supper.

But when the ugly duckling caught it, the mother bird squawked with rage and pulled the worm away.

She chased the duckling from her nest, and pecked him on the head and beat him with her wings.

The little duckling ran and ran until he jumped into the water. Then he swam away as fast as he could. He went swimming so fast that he bumped right smack into a wooden duck, and started it to rocking.

When the ugly duckling saw the big wooden duck rocking there on the water, he rubbed his little head against the duck's wooden breast.

He did not know that it was just a wooden duck painted in wild-bird colors. He did not know that the wooden duck was put there by hunters to bring other wild ducks where hunters could shoot them.

He just thought, "Here is a friend."

The wooden duck did not swim away from him. Instead it let the ugly duckling climb up on the end of its tail and bounce up and down there.

He was so happy that he gave a big bounce in the air that landed him in the water. This tipped the wooden duck so far forward that when it rocked back again, it

smacked the little duckling on the head.

This all happened the way a wooden duck rocks on the water. But the ugly duckling thought his new friend had done it to him on purpose. And he swam off down the stream, the saddest little duck in all the world.

He hid in the reeds by the river and honked as though his little heart would break. His tears fell into the water and made little circles there. He stopped to watch one tear hit the water. Then he put his head down on the ground and cried and cried.

Just then a great white mother swan and her four little swans came floating down the river.

They stopped and listened when they heard the little duck honking there on the shore. And when the little swans saw the ugly duckling with his head down on the ground, they came swimming over to him.

"Honk! Honk! Honk!" the swans called to him.

When he heard them, the ugly duckling looked around and saw them there—four baby swans. They were as white as he was, and they all had long necks like his own. They were honking to him in a friendly way. He was so happy he dove right into his own reflection there in the water and broke it.

When he came up, the little swans were still there.

The young swans played with him and swam in circles around him.

Then the great white mother swan honked to the little swans. And the ugly duckling looked up and saw her there. Never had he seen such a beautiful great white curving bird. Never had he seen such whiteness before.

The baby swans all went swimming back to the great white swan. The little duckling watched them go. He wished he might grow up to be beautiful like these swans. Then he remembered he was an ugly duckling. His little head dropped and he started to swim off by himself, all alone on the wide waters of the stream.

But the swans would not let him go. They knew that the ugly duckling was really a baby swan who had been hatched in the wrong nest. So the white swans swam round the little lost swan and stroked his neck with their beaks. The mother let him come near to the soft swan's down on her breast. Then she put her wing over her little lost baby swan and swam with him down the stream.

Donald Duck

WATCHA GONNA DO, UNCA DONALD? WASH YOUR CAR?

MORE THAN THAT, BOYS! *MUCH* MORE!

AR 105

IT'S TIME FOR ME TO GO OVER THIS JEWEL WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB! THIS NICE, SUNNY DAY IS JUST RIGHT FOR SOME CURBSIDE MAINTENANCE!

I BUILT THIS CAR *MYSELF* BY PUTTING A 1920 MIXWELL ENGINE INTO A 1922 DUDGE BODY ON 1923 PACLAC AXLES! IT'S THE *ONLY* CAR I'VE EVER OWNED, AND I TAKE *CARE* OF IT!

ONCE A YEAR I COMPLETELY DISMANTLE THE BODY AND CHECK FOR ***RUST SPOTS!*** THEN I OVERHAUL THE ENGINE AND FIX ANY PARTS THAT AREN'T 100 PERCENT UP TO SNUFF!

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AND I DO IT ALL ***MYSELF*** AND SAVE A LOT OF MONEY!

CAN WE HELP, UNCA DONALD? WE'LL BE YOUR PIT CREW!

SURE! WATCH ME AND YOU'LL LEARN HOW TO MAKE CAR CARE A ***SIMPLE*** AND ***INEXPENSIVE*** PASTIME!

OBOY!!

SNAP!

LATER...

WELL, THE ONLY THING I NEED TO DO BEFORE I REASSEMBLE HER IS GET THIS FAULTY ***VEEBLE-FETZER*** REPAIRED!

CAN'T YOU JUST BUY A NEW ONE?

NOT A CHANCE! THIS GEM IS BUILT FROM CLASSIC CAR PARTS THAT HAVE BEEN OUT OF PRODUCTION FOR *DECADES!* THERE'S NOT A SINGLE BIT THAT'S REPLACEABLE!

NO, I HAVE TO GIVE IT TO *GYRO* AND LET HIM FIX IT! C'MON... WHILE HE WORKS ON IT, THE ICE CREAM SODAS ARE ON *ME!*

HOT DIGGEDY! LET'S GO!

♫

♫

YARD SALE

SEVERAL HOURS LATER...

GYRO FIXED IT AS GOOD AS NEW! NOW WE CAN PUT YOUR CAR BACK TOGETHER!

SURE! AND WHEN WE'RE DONE, LET'S TAKE A SPIN OUT TO GRANDMA'S FARM AND--

EVERY SINGLE PART IS *GONE!* THERE'S NOTHING LEFT BUT THE *BARE CHASSIS!*

HEY, *JONES!* DID YOU SEE WHO *SWIPED* ALL THE STUFF FROM MY FRONT YARD?

NOBODY SWIPED IT, DUCK! I DID YOU A *GOOD TURN* FOR A CHANGE! I HAD A *YARD SALE* AND THE WHOLE NEIGHBORHOOD TURNED OUT!

AND WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT? THOSE SAPS EVEN BOUGHT THAT ***JUNK*** YOU LEFT NEAR THE CURB FOR THE RUBBISH COLLECTOR!

HERE'S YOUR SHARE... $11.75! NEVER THOUGHT YOU'D MAKE CASH OFF TRASH, DIDJA, DUCK?

YOU ***MALLETHEAD!*** YOU SOLD MY ENTIRE CAR, PIECE BY PIECE! EVERY PISTON, VALVE AND HUBCAP!

OH, SO?

WELL, I GUESS YOU'D SAY YOUR ***ENGINE*** IS ***MISSING!*** GET IT? YOUR ENGINE IS ***MISSING!*** ***HAR! HAR!***

YOU'RE GONNA HAVE SOME ***TEETH*** MISSING, JONES! IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I CUT YOU DOWN A NOTCH!

THERE'S NO PLEASING YOU, DUCK! I DO YOU A ***FAVOR*** AND THIS IS THE ***THANKS*** I GET!

WHAP!

DO YOUR ***WORST,*** RUNT! I'VE BEEN SPOILIN' FOR A GOOD ROW WITH YOU LIKE IN THE OLD DAYS!

GRRRRR!

PAT! PAT!

GENTLEMEN! GENTLEMEN!

LET'S DO IT!!

WHOOF!

ZOW!

SPLAT!

GAH! MY PRIZE *TULIPS!* YOU'LL PAY FOR THIS, DUCK!

C'MON, YA BIG SISSY POSY PICKER!

THIS IS GETTING YOU LESS THAN NOWHERE, UNCA DONALD!

MAYBE WE CAN FIND OUT WHO BOUGHT THE PARTS AND GET THEM ALL *BACK!*

TALK, JONES! WHO BOUGHT MY PRICELESS CAR PARTS?

OH, SURE! I KEPT *RECORDS* LIKE I'M GONNA REPORT A YARD SALE ON MY *INCOME TAX!* DON'T MAKE ME *LAUGH!*

HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA! HA!

ENOUGH, DUCK! *ENOUGH!* I ONLY REMEMBER I SOLD THE PARTS TO PEOPLE LIVING ON *OUR STREET!*

SPREAD OUT, KIDS! LOOK HIGH AND LOW UNTIL YOU FIND EVERY *LAST PIECE* OF MY CAR!

GASP! GASP!

MY POOR OLD CAR! MY POOR, POOR OLD...

YOU LITTLE FIEND! THAT'S MY *STEERING WHEEL* YOU'RE BOUNCING DOWN THE STREET!

BEAST! HOW DARE YOU STEAL THAT CHILD'S TOY! I SAW HIM BUY IT AT THE YARD SALE UP THE STREET!

THWAK!

ALL RIGHT, ALL RIGHT! HERE'S $5.00 FOR YOUR "HOOP," GO BUY A TON OF CANDY AND ROT YOUR LITTLE TEETH!

WOW!

UNCA DONALD! COME QUICK!

WE'VE FOUND YOUR CAR SPREAD ALL OVER THE NEIGHBORHOOD!

LOOK! THERE'S THE BODY JUST LAYING IN THAT YARD!

I'LL SOON TAKE CARE OF THAT!

YOWTCH! HALP!

HEY! GET AWAY FROM FIFI'S NEW DOGHOUSE! YOU'LL UPSET HER!

GRAWR!

ZING!

$25? I DON'T KNOW... I DON'T THINK I COULD FIND ANOTHER DOGHOUSE THIS NICE! BESIDES, YOU'VE MADE POOR FIFI VERY NERVOUS!

OKAY, MAKE IT $50!

C'MON, KIDS! LET'S GET THIS "DOGHOUSE" ON YOUR WAGON!

SNAP! SNAP!

NOW WHERE?

THERE, UNCA DONALD! IN THAT YARD! YOUR FENDERS AND TIRES!

SNAP! SNAP!

OH, MY HEAVENLY DAYS! SHE'S MADE PLANTERS OUT OF THEM!

GET THAT **DIRT** OUT OF MY FENDERS! IT'LL START **RUST SPOTS** ALL OVER THEM!

WAK!

THAT'S OUR UNCLE, MA'AM! HE'S A LITTLE EXCITED, BUT I'M SURE HE'D LIKE TO MAKE YOU AN **OFFER** FOR YOUR NEW PLANTERS!

OH, DEAR ME! I'M SORRY MR. DUCK, BUT I'VE ALREADY PLANTED **DELICATE** ORCHID SEEDLINGS IN THEM--SEEDLINGS THAT I NURTURED ALL SPRING! I CAN'T JUST--

NOT EVEN FOR $100?

AND **HOW,** JACK!

WHERE NEXT?

FOLLOW YOUR **NOSE,** UNCA DONALD! SMELL THAT STEAK COOKING?

GLOM

VOW! THAT'S MY **RADIATOR GRILL!**

POP! SIZZLE!

STOP! STOP! I HAVE A **STAKE** IN THE **GRILL** YOU'RE USING TO **GRILL** THAT **STEAK!**

RUN THAT BY ME AGAIN?

S'ZZLE!

IT'S THAT CRAZY DONALD DUCK FROM ACROSS THE STREET, HARRY!

WHY, HELLO, MR. DUCK! HOW WOULD YOU LIKE YOUR STEAK? RARE, MEDIUM, OR--

YOU'LL BURN MY LOVELY **CHROME!** **STOP!**

CRASH!

DON'T FIX HIM A STEAK, HARRY! I DON'T LIKE HIS **MANNERS!**

HERE! GO BUY A **GAS** GRILL AND A **SIDE OF BEEF!** JUST STOP USING **THIS** TO COOK ON!

LOOK, UNCA DONALD, THEIR METAL CUPS ARE YOUR **HEAD-LIGHT HOUSINGS**, THE GLASS SAUCERS ARE YOUR **LENSES**, AND THE PLATES ARE YOUR **HUBCAPS!**

=GRUMBLE= AND YOUR "AUTOMOTIVE MOTIF" TABLEWARE, TOO!

NOW WHAT ABOUT MY **ENGINE?**

THAT WILL BE A TOUGH ONE! IT'LL COST SOME **BUCKS** TO GET IT BACK!

=WINCE= DON'T SPARE ME! WHO'S GOT IT?

TONY, THE POPCORN MAN, IS USING IT TO POWER HIS NEW DELUXE POPCORN CART!

CHUG CHUG CHUG

BUT SIGNOR DUCK, I SPENT **MONTHS** BUILDING THIS CART, AND YOUR OLD ENGINE FIT IT PERFECTLY! HOW WILL I SUPPORT MYSELF UNTIL I CAN GET ANOTHER? HOW WILL I--=?=

#300?

...AND I'LL THROW IN A YEAR'S SUPPLY OF POPCORN!

IS THAT EVERYTHING, UNCA DONALD?

=SIGH= NOT QUITE, BOYS! I'M STILL MISSING THE MOST IMPORTANT PARTS... MY **LICENSE PLATES!**

CAN'T YOU JUST GET **NEW ONES** DOWN AT THE COURTHOUSE?

IT'S NOT THAT SIMPLE! I PAY EXTRA EACH YEAR TO KEEP THE **SAME** LICENSE NUMBER! MY CAR'S LONG, CHARMED LIFE **HINGES** ON HAVING THAT NUMBER!

COME ON, UNCA DONALD! YOU CAN **FORGET** THAT SILLY SUPER-STITION, CAN'T YOU?

OF **COURSE** HE CAN! YOU WOULDN'T DESCRIBE OUR UNCA DONALD AS STUBBORN, OBSTINATE, OR PIGHEADED, WOULD YOU?

NOOOOO!

THERE THEY ARE! SOMEBODY'S USING 'EM AS *HOUSE NUMBERS!*

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HEY! WHAT DO YOUSE WANT?

I'LL GIVE YOU $20 FOR THOSE OLD LICENSE PLATES ON YOUR FENCEPOSTS!

QUICK SET CEMENT

HAH? NO CHANCE! I BOUGHT DIS HOUSE 'CAUSE IT HAS DIS ADDRESS! IT'S ME *LUCKY NUMBER!*

YOUR LUCKY NUMBER?

YEAH! IT WAS ME PRISON NUMBER AT LEAVENWORST AND DE WINNING NUMBER IN DE WEEKLY *PAROLE LOTTERY!* I WUDN'T NEVER SELL DOZE PLATES!

BUT I *GOTTA* HAVE 'EM! YOU CAN BUY ALL THE HOUSE NUMBERS YOU WANT! HERE... $100? $200?

IT AIN'T DE MONEY DAT MATTERS, IT'S ME *LACK OF PRINCIPLE!*

WITHOUT THOSE PLATES, MY CAR IS WORTHLESS! I'M *WARNING* YOU!

WHAT'S DAT SCREWY DUCK YAMMERIN' ABOUT?

IT'S A LONG STORY SIR! *PLEASE!* SELL HIM THE PLATES! IT'LL SAVE A *LOT* OF *PAIN!*

ALL OF IT *HIS!*

NO AND DAT'S *FINAL!* NOW GIDDADA ME YARD!

YOU ASKED FOR IT, BUSTER! THOSE PLATES ARE *LEGALLY* MINE AND I'M *TAKING* 'EM!

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WHAP!

TWO FIGHTS IN ONE AFTER-NOON?

GRRRR...

SO WHAT? THAT'S NOT EVEN **CLOSE** TO A RECORD FOR UNCA DONALD!

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PAT! PAT!

LET'S DO IT!

WHOOF!

ZOW!

SPLAT!

GAH! ME **FRESH CONCRETE!** YOU'LL PAY FOR DIS, DUCK! I'M GONNA--

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WAIT, MISTER! LOOK AT THIS BEFORE YOU CLOBBER UNCA DONALD!

HUH?

QUICK SET CEMENT

IT'S A MIRACLE! WOT A **BEEYOOTIFUL** NEW HOUSE NUMBER **DAT** WILL MAKE!

IT SORTA HAS A IMPRINT A' ME OWN **PERSONALITY!**

GO AHEAD AN' TAKE DOZE PLATES, DUCK! DIS IS **BETTER!**

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MUCH LATER...

WELL, WE FINALLY GOT IT BACK TOGETHER!

I DON'T KNOW.., WE WERE MISSING AN AWFUL LOT OF THE NUTS AND BOLTS!

IT DOESN'T MATTER! THESE OLD CARS WERE BUILT **SOLID!** A FEW MISSING BOLTS WON'T CAUSE MORE THAN A **RATTLE** OR TWO AND I CAN FIX THEM LATER!

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BUT RIGHT NOW, WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO **GRANDMA'S!** EVERYBODY PILE IN!

313

YOW! THIS RUMBLE SEAT IS FULL OF **FLEAS!**

ER... JUST SOMETHING LEFT OVER FROM FIFI! I'LL **DE-LOUSE** IT LATER!

JUST LISTEN TO THAT OL' MOTOR **HUM!**

RRRRRRR

YES! IT **SOUNDS** GOOD AND **SMELLS** EVEN BETTER! AN AUTO WITH THE AROMA OF CHAR-COAL-GRILLED PORTERHOUSE!

UNCA DONALD! A LOAD OF HOT BUTTERED POP-CORN JUST BURST OUT OF THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT!

ALL RIGHT, ALREADY! SO I **RUSHED** IT A LITTLE! BUT I KNOW THIS CAR INSIDE AND OUT! I'M TELLING YOU IT'S **A-OKAY!**

ENOUGH TALK! ME FOR THE OPEN ROAD! THE WIDE-OPEN SPACES! THE RUSH OF FRESH **COUNTRY AIR** IN MY FACE!

HERE WE COME, GRANDMA!

VROOM!

SCREECH!

NOBODY... SAY... ...A ... WORD!

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Times of Scrooge McDuck" did not include Scrooge purchasing his hourglass in Morocco when he was a cabin boy.

But at last someone (Michael Naiman) has seen Scrooge's hourglass! Let's ask him some questions about it! What color is the sand? Is there foreign writing on it?

Lawrence Giver
address not given

As we have previously mentioned, Rosa chose to ignore the existence of the hourglass in his series, and treat Barks' excellent tale as an "imaginary" story, because of inconsistencies it caused in the Scrooge timeline and in the character of Uncle Scrooge. Maybe Michael would care to shed some light on the hourglass he "saw" sometime.

Hello and *Guten Tag* everybody!

Some years ago, when you were producing the first series of Gladstone comics, I sent you a letter, but I didn't get an answer nor did I see it printed in a lettercol, so perhaps it was lost on its way across the Atlantic Ocean.

Now, nearly a decade later, I try it again.

First, let me tell you some things I'd like you to know. My love of Disney comics began back in 1971, when my mother bought me a German **Micky Maus** comic book. I had just started my reading lessons, and I discovered the world of Duckburg as described by Carl Barks, since the German publishers put out a lot of Barks stories in the seventies.

Through the years, I learned much about Disney comics, about the artists and writers and so on. I also began reading American Disney comics (then published by Western under the Whitman label) and have continued to this very day. And I love you, the folks at Gladstone, for doing such extraordinary work with your comic books! Even as I started to study literature, history and philosophy at a German university I kept the Ducks in mind, writing an academic essay about the story-telling of Carl Barks.

Simultaneous to my studies I began writing drama for the theatre (my latest product being a musical comedy based on the "Faust" of Goethe, that I call "Faust & Fisto"). And I cannot deny the influence of the humor of Barks (and newer artists like Rosa) in my work. So look how my life is a Duck life!

I think I'll never stop reading Gladstone comics (and I hope you never stop printing them!). Your **WDC&S** title, especially, is a gem! I disagree with Cliff Gibson, who wrote in **WDC&S** 614 that he would prefer cutting the size of the comic in half and excluding most of the Duck material. Don't do it! I think **WDC&S** has never been such a hit since it started in the forties. By the way, why did you eliminate "Stories" from the logo?

Erik Rastetter
Karlsruhe,
Germany

We thought cramming in the word "Stories" made for an awkward composition most of the time, so we chose to eliminate it from our covers. You'll note that it's still included in our indicia and Table of Contents page, however, as it is still a part of the official title of the book.

Your "life story" is a familiar and gratifying one to us. We're continually impressed by the number of artisans, craftsmen, and scientists who drew their original inspiration from the works of Carl Barks. Now, it appears, the new generation of Duckmen — Don Rosa and William Van Horn — are being added to the list, and that's great in our book!

We'll end this letter column with a brief note and a photograph from correspondent Danny Neyer.

The Gladstone comics are popular in all homes, even the home where the buffalo roam! Enclosed is a photo of myself holding a copy of **WDC&S** 605 in front of the buffalo cage at the Ross Park Zoo in Binghamton, NY. (You can see a buffalo in the background.)

Danny Neyer
Scranton, PA

Thanks Danny. We'd love to hear from anyone else who would like to send us a photo of themselves holding a Gladstone comic in an interesting place or situation.

VISIT OUR WEB SITE AT
http://www.hamlco.com/bhc/
NEXT ISSUE SHIPS THE
WEEK OF SEPTEMBER 15TH!